

STORIES OF BAD MEN

THE REAL THING IS WILLING
TO TAKE CHANCES.

NOTICE that a lot of these Philadelphia and Boston fiction manufacturers who write stories about western life and manners for the weekly and monthly picture publications are affirming and maintaining that the western man has always got to see an edge in his own favor before he'll proceed to get messy with another bad man," said Frank Connelley, a prominent stockman from the Cochise country in New Mexico, to a Star reporter.

In reading their picture paper stories of western life, the people who wrote them must have been strung up about a whole lot by the boys on the ocean, who visit to the western country, with their valets along with them to look after their braveries and luggage and all that. There's no other way of accounting for some of the things they write about the general stack-up out west.

For example, one of these yarns, recently printed, told of how one bad man conquered another one by glancing at him. Both men were marshals of hot camps situated twenty miles apart. They'd never seen each other. They had nothing against each other. There was no jealousy between them. There was no need to be, both men having towns of their own to preside over and this dream narrative as a pizen bird sure enough, took it into his head that he'd lope over the trail to the other town for the purpose of having a look at the other marshal, who is also pictured as a double fanged Gila, without mercy or remorse.

So he rode over to the other town, did this marshal with the butting-in idea. He found the other marshal standing in front of a bar. The two men recognized each other and nodded. They had a drink together. Then they stood looking each other over. The way they stared each other out of countenance, like a couple of small boys double-dog-daring each other to knock a chip off their shoulders, is described with great elaboration. The mutual attempt to hypnotize each other lasted for about twenty minutes, at the end of which the marshal who was on his home lot detected signs of faltering in his visitor's eye. Whereupon, according to this yen-hok trance, the marshal who was holding down the local grounds deliberately walked up to the visiting marshal, pulled the other marshal's mustache, and then the other marshal's guns out of his belt without any come-back, and then inconspicuously booted the other marshal, who had completely caved under the pressure of the stronger man's glaring eye, into the street, where the marshal with the busted nerve lay sobbing and lapping up the dust.

Not True to Life.

There's just about as much of real life in that as there is in the struggle on the cliff for the forged papers between the oily vixen and the long-cared-for who is here to save the woman's honor with men life. No bad marshal or bad man of the west ever looked another one of his own type to the caving point, nor did one of them ever deliberately go up against another without there having been a motive or a rivalry or some other incentive of dislike or hatred.

But I started to run afoul of this theory that the honest-injun had man of the west must see the thing balance just a little bit his way before he'll stand the chance of a cash-in. That may be so of a whole lot of business and four-flushers that have been mis-called bad men during the past ten or fifteen years. But it was never true for a minute of the real horned toads. They not only didn't want any advantage for themselves, but they just a little bit preferred to have the other fellow possess just enough of the edge on them to make the get-together interesting and worth while.

"Clay Allison, one of the worst men that ever saddled a cayuse in the Pecos country of Texas, wasn't looking for any edge on his own side the time he met up with Sam Durbin, the marshal and all-around killer of Durango, and yet when that thing was all over Clay had so completely meased up the marshal's reputation that Sam had to move out of Durango between sundown and sunrise to avoid the jeers and the hoots of the Durango outfit.

"That meeting happened because of Marshal Sam Durbin had killed one of Clay Allison's Texas friends in a honk-tonk melee. The man killed by Durbin had been a bull-skinner along with Clay Allison, and Clay Allison was a lot disturbed in his mind when he heard of how his pal had met his finish at the hands of Marshal Durbin of Durango.

By the Ears.

"Some of these days," announced Clay when he heard that news, "I'm goin' to 'fin' out o' the Pecos jes' long 'nough I'll run up to Durango an' lead that gun-alcide around." It was Durango plaza by both o' his ears—I sure am.

"The Texas people to whom Clay made this remark hadn't the least doubt in life that, sooner or later, he would go up against this very job that he had set himself to do—leading Marshal Sam Durbin around the public square of Durango by the ears. Clay's gun was notched up like the side-bar of an old-time whatnot, he had never stood for a stick-up in his life, and he wouldn't have known what the white feather symbolized if he had received a ton of them by freight.

"A man who had heard of Clay's threat, and who went up to Durango from the Pecos country, told Marshal Durbin about it. Durbin wasn't any witter or crawfish, either. In one of the worst camps then seething, Durbin had had the marshal's badge pinned to his blue shirt for two years without ever going into the discard at the point of anybody's gun or blade, and he was looked upon as about as dauntless an all-around pop-fanner as ever went by the name of Sam. When he was told of what Clay Allison, whom he knew by reputation, was going to do to him to square the account for the piping out of a pal, Durbin replied that he expected to be moving around Durango for quite a bit longer, and that he'd just as soon dispose of any trouble that zephryed his way out of the Pecos country as any other kind.

"Just two months, to a day, after Clay Allison had heard of the death of his pal in Durango at the gun of Sam Durbin, he arrived in Durango himself.

"Clay reached Durango sober, and he stayed sober. He didn't know that Marshal Sam Durbin had heard anything of the threat he had made, if indeed he even remembered having made that threat. He had his business in his mind when he lit in Durango, and so he just strolled around the saloons, leaning up with old friends that he came across, and saying very little.

Looking For Trouble.

"Along toward sundown Allison, who was taking his time about performing the business he had in mind, sat down at a table in the saloon of Cort Munson to sort of rest up, for he had been prowling around for some hours. "Durbin had been waiting for Allison in the back room of Munson's saloon ever since he'd heard that Allison had struck the camp. When Allison sat down at the table in the front part of the saloon, Durbin, through a hole in the rear room, trained a double-barreled shotgun, loaded with

cards lying face up on the table, and walked out, not even taking the precaution to walk out backward, thus showing his supreme contempt for the marshal of Dodge. Having made the only Masterston wit, he considered his brother Virgil's account squared.

"The first mark of the genuine blown-in-the-bottle bad man is that he is always under any and all circumstances, dead willing to give the other fellow even the shade the best of a set-together if his ground is strong and his blood is sure-enough pizen."—Washington Star.

STARTLING HANDS

Held in a Poker Game After a Phenomenal Draw.
(Baltimore Herald.)

"Big" John Bode, a cafekeeper of Ashland avenue and Bond street, who is a well known sport in northwest Baltimore, tells of a poker game he witnessed a few nights ago in which there was the liveliest and most extensive betting he had ever seen anywhere.

"Seven men were playing consolation, and the ceiling was the only limit," he says. "The 50-cent ante was straddled by a player who held four jack pot. The man next to him played along with two tens and the next with two aces. When it came to the fourth player he, too, simply played along with the four and five of spades giving it a little like with kings and queens, thus shutting out the seventh and last man. All who were then in saw the raise, and the draw took place, which was certainly the most phenomenal one I have ever heard of.

"The first man, with the four jacks drew. But, of course, didn't better his hand. The next, with the two tens, dragged in two more to his pair: the third, with the pair of aces got the other pair, and the fourth, with the four and five of spades, took in the deuce, tray and six of the same suit, which gave him a straight flush. The fifth player, with the six and seven of clubs, received the four, five and eight of the same suit, giving him also a straight flush, but a little higher than the one dealt to the man next him. The raiser of the pot, with the kings and queens, dragged in another king, and thought he was in Easy street. But his was the poorest 'flat' out.

"There was some nervousness manifested around the table as the players skinned down the cards, and it soon began to increase. The betting began at one ten-cent chip, which was contributed by the foxy man with the four tens. The next man, with the four aces did not hesitate one bit to raise at \$1, and he with the six-high straight flush liked in \$5. I was a little surprised when the man with the eight-high straight flush gave him a 'tit' for \$10 more. The man with the king full still thought his hand the boss of them all and got foolish. He placed his whole stack, amounting to about \$25, and waited anxiously and almost breathlessly for another raise. He got it.

"While all this betting was going on around the green cloth, the man with the four jacks pat, who had not yet had a chance to bet, was grinning inwardly and probably thinking of the rare sport he would have at Benning track the next day. It was then almost time for him to wake up, but he slept and dreamed on. The four-ten man, the one who bet the one little chip, was equally confident and jubilant, and when his turn came 'tilted' the pot. The six-high flush man was ready to bet his head, should his chips run out. Just one more man to wake up—that's all. The eight-high flush man whooped up the thing at every turn, and had a perfect right to do so, for his hand was the real boss. But if he had suspected that there was another straight flush out against him (his not being by any means the highest in the deck), he would have had a fit. But, gentlemen, he certainly did bet until he got blue in the face.

"When the supply of chips was exhausted the banker brought in a box after box of matches to take their

place. The betting continued fast and furious for more than an hour, when the eight-high flush man got a call all around. Strange to say there wasn't a hard loser in that bunch. There wasn't a cent in the bank—nothing but I. O. U.'s.

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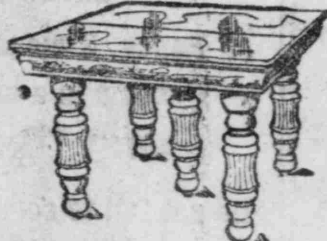
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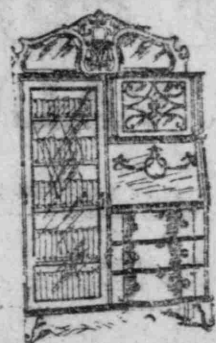
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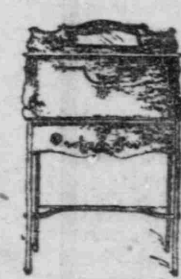


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